

Innis Herald
'80-'81
Dec. 1980
Volume 14
Issue 2



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Innis Herald

DECEMBER, 1952

The Staff Of The Innis Herald Hope That You And Yours
Have A Joyful And Beautiful Christmas This Holiday Season,
Because If You Don't It Could Mean Your First Born Son.

Innis Eats Brooklyn

By U.R. GAWN & I.B. QUIETTE

To mark the signing this week of the final agreement giving control of the North West sector of campus to the Innis College Student Society, the Innis Herald presents the following extracts from the Final Report of the sub-sub-committee of the Innis College Council's House Committee's ad hoc committee on College History 1980-1999. These extracts highlight the growth of the ICSS as a governing body and chronicle the first faltering steps of Innis College's advance to its present position of pre-eminence in the U of T hierarchy. The first building grab was to set the trend for years to come.

In a recent interview, U of T president F. Friend — recently appointed to his post by the ICSS — said that the current expansion of Innis College into the Senator David A. Troll office development would neatly solve the College's residence problem. He pointed out that it was "returning full circle to the idea of a residential tower block for Innis as planned many years ago."

The College's expansion first focussed on the building now housing the junior officers of the ICSS. This is the structure immediately North of the original Innis building. When seen in the light of later events, namely Innis' far reaching expansion to the South and West, the enclosure of one small building might be overlooked except for the fact that it was the first step and it took place in the turbulent eighties. Here then is a series of extracts from the Final Report:

1980

The first proposal for expansion of Innis College facilities is presented to the College Council (at this time the ICSS had only a parity representation on Council). Principal Dennis Duffer is requested to take the proposal to the University's Governing Council.

1981 November

Governing Council agrees to consider the Innis request in the new year. ICSS begins to lobby the Students Interim Council (SIC) to get support from student members of Governing Council.

1982 June

Huge student turnout at Governing Council forces relocation of meeting to Convocation Hall. Student members call for and get a special meeting to deal only with the Innis proposal.

November

Special meeting of Governing Council. Innis students stage rally outside Con. Hall to protest lack of action. Campus police request aid from Metro — riot police stand by. Members of Governing Council enter by back door before angry crowd. Turbulent meeting results in forcible eviction of Innis representatives and student members from Con. Hall. Speeches made to crowd outside demand chairman's resignation and acceptance of Innis' demands for more space. U of T president B. Dowell calls for enquiry into student conduct at meeting, thus delaying discussion of Innis' proposals.

1983 January 10

Innis withdraws support from SIC following suggestion by SIC president K. Robber, that Innis accept Physical Plant's offer to narrow the sidewalks and Stubb Lane in order to provide the extra square footage required by the College. SIC implores Innis to reconsider its decision.

January 25

SIC president withdraws suggestion and Innis returns to the fold. New College, outraged at missing the meetings due to an outbreak of food poisoning at the college, withdraws support from SIC and are not asked to return.

March

In clandestine talks with staff at Woodsworth College, senior Innis officials Dennis Duffer and H.R.H. Arthur agree to share part of the target building if expansion is allowed. In return, Woodsworth grants free reserved parking space to senior ICSS executives. Innis gains a powerful ally with a big parking lot.

April

Next meeting of Governing Council scheduled for mid summer despite protests from student members.

July

Due to summer job commitments students are poorly represented at Governing Council. The Innis proposal is dismissed without debate by the chairman and with little student support Innis representatives are powerless to reverse the decision. Innis students threaten boycott of September registration. Simcoe Hall retaliates by advancing registration to mid-august.

August

The Arts and Science Union of Understanding (ASUU) prepares a brief to be published in the Torstar. After a brief flurry of journalistic activity, senior ASUU officials return to their desks and fall asleep.

Innis students organize boycott of August registration and refuse to pay their fees except by uncertified cheque. U of T refuses to accept any money in this form and this leads to "temporary" lay-offs. Twenty-five janitors are laid-off and fifty-five administrative workers are transferred from Simcoe Hall to Caretaking Services. Innis suffers heavy losses — eight staffers go.

OVER



Who's special on your
Christmas List?

... Innis Eats Brooklyn

September 5

The Ontario Federation of Foreign Students (OFFS), no longer burdened by having SIC as a member, are able to use their almost unlimited funds to persuade the Minister of Colleges and Institutions to make major revisions in the OSAP regulations. This allows many more students to purchase stereo equipment. She is not pleased and prefers to remain in her office eating other people's coke in large quantities. The student population of Innis almost doubles overnight in response to the changed regulations.

September 10

In a strong show of solidarity with the workers the ICSS executive urges Innisites to end the boycott and pay fees in cash in order to save jobs. Students return to school under union flags.

September 11

Brother writers at the Vargda proclaim VICTORIE!! (sic) in banner headlines, once again completely missing the point.

September 13

With union support four members of the ICSS are hired to replace the eight laid-off members of the College staff. The administrative backlog is quickly cleared and students return to the cold, cramped classrooms at Innis.

November

President Dowell's investigation into student conduct at the November 1982 meeting of Governing Council is halted due to lack of funds.

December

One member of the Innis teaching staff resigns following an incident of vandalism at the offices of a highly respected engineering journal. With her new-found time she engineers an amalgamation of U of T's Women's Magazine and the Engineering paper to form the New Magazine. As editor-in-chief she publishes sexist material about males.

1984 February

Innis College gains a powerful ally in print when the New Magazine declares its support for Innis' expansionist policies.

March

All campus newspapers join together in calling for Governing Council to reconsider the Innis proposals.

May

Following Governing Council's refusal to reconsider Innis' need for more space, students across the university boycott exams held in Benson building and Varsity arena. The massive loss of rent to the Department of Athletics and Recreation forces the Dean of Athletics to call for support of Innis' case in order to end the boycott. Innis gains yet another ally.

August

Innis establishes the university's first portable classrooms on the Innis Green. This was in response to the new official interpretation of the Kelly Report which called for individual offices for all professors.

October

An official request is made to Governing Council from the School of Continuation of Study Grants (SCSG): they present a case claiming that they need the use of 150 St. George more than Innis does. They want to tear it down and build a parking lot.

1985 January

Governing Council gives in to pressure from various sources around campus and agrees to reconsider the Innis requests for more space.

March

President Dowell suggests that future expansion of Innis College should not be considered until a full investigation is made of the expenditures from Principal Duffer's Cigar and Champagne fund. This leaves the way clear for the SCSG to take over the target building.

April

Woodsworth College revokes parking privileges of ICSS executive and joins with SCSG in the hopes of trading their parking lot for the target building once SCSG gains control of it.

June

It is revealed in the New Magazine that Dennis Duffer's Cigar and Champagne fund was initially set up by President Dowell when he was at Innis some years ago. Governing Council is in an uproar.

August

President Dowell resigns as newspapers start investigating his period at Innis. The investigation of Innis is called off. Cigars and champagne all round.

September

The ICSS uses its behind-the-scenes authority to have Dennis Duffer selected as the new president of the university. This ensures Innis a loud voice on Governing Council.

November

By order of President Duffer, Woodsworth College moves to Erindale campus and its building on St. George is levelled to make a parking lot for the School of Continuation of Study Grants.

1986 January

Governing Council grants Innis College the sole right to the use of 150 St. George st. and allocates funds to refurbish and renovate the whole complex.

The actual takeover took place in mid-March and Innis was on its way to bigger and better things. The spread of ICSS influence on campus and the enclosure of other nearby buildings to the South and West gathered momentum in the late eighties and early nineties. For a couple of years after that Innis had little growth—this was because of a rather forceful yet shortlived movement to put an enrolment limit of 5000 on the college. The leaders of the movement wanted to keep the college small and felt that 77% of first year enrolment in Arts and Sciences was too much for the college. By 1994 we were back on the right track and while proudly remaining true to our roots as a commuter college, Innis has expanded both its size and its influence at U of T. We all look forward to the inevitable battle Innis must wage in the not-too-distant future to gain control of the Medical Arts Building to serve as the much needed College infirmary.

The Innis Herald will of course keep its readers up to date, on a daily basis, with all the news and goings-on in Innisville.



No More Pinball At Innis

This is the prospect we face if the current high level of vandalism continues in our pinball room. The pinball machines are one of the IGSS's major sources of revenue, second only to student fees. The money provided by our seven machines allows us to offer scholarships as well as provide a wide range of services to Innis students and the Innis community as a whole.

In the last few weeks legs have been badly bent or ripped off entirely, machines have been broken into and the mechanisms tampered with; on several occasions machines have been ripped open and money stolen. Many of the machines are being knocked around by certain players and this necessitates more frequent and more costly service calls. This sort of damage is not only very costly to the Student Society, but begins to negate profits for both Peter Davis (the owner & operator of all our machines) and for the IGSS. If these losses continue, or indeed escalate, Davis must begin to consider removing his machines to a more profitable location. The ensuing loss of revenue, great though it would be, would be overshadowed by the loss of enjoyment by those of us who use — and not abuse — the pinball room.

Certainly it is a small group of players causing the damage but their actions will effect all of us who enjoy the pins. If you see someone maltreating a machine *Stop Them*. The Innis community should be self-regulating — we hope not to have to involve the security services in this matter. Please look after your machines; the profit they make and the enjoyment they give are all yours.

Nota Bene: The Pinball room has been closed for the rest of this year due to vandalism. —ed.

Men's Sport Report

Ray Chong

By the time all of you Innisites read this, the college's mens sports team will be in full swing. We've got lots of different teams in a variety of different sports. Just to name a few: the volleyball team, squash team, hockey team, basketball team, waterpolo team, and so on, are either getting ready or are already in the midst of their heavy and demanding game schedule.

Although the turnout of people for sports has been very good, I would really like to see more people getting involved. Even if you haven't played a single sport in your whole life we'll be glad to introduce you to a new sport and perhaps put a little joy into your dull life. By the way, if any woman would like to join a sports team that is not offered by the women's athletics, I'm sure that the corresponding men's team would be more than happy to welcome you.

I would also like to remind all athletes that, like last year, the "Innis-College-Award-System-for-Participation-in-Sports" is in full effect this year. You get so many points for managing, playing on or coaching different teams. An accumulation of 50 points (45 for women) over your 4 year stay at Innis will get you an official genuine, bona fide 'I' Crest. For the true sports addict, a total of 100 points, (90 for women) will get you an engraved plaque honouring your devotion to Innis College Sports. To qualify, simply fill in the 'sports participation form', available at the I.C.S.S. office, and return it to the Men's Rep. box.

Last but not least, I would like to wish everybody a Merry Christmas and Happy Holidays. I look forward to seeing all of you refreshed and roaring to go in the New Year. Go Innisites, Go! Go! Go!

Ray Chong
Men's Athletic Rep

On Writing

following page, type a solid line across that next page one full line below the last line of the text, double-space twice, and continue the note. Footnotes pertaining to this new page should immediately follow the completion of the note continued from the previous page;

- The first footnote on any page (assuming that there is no footnote continuing from the previous page) should be separated from the last line of the text by two double spaces;
- Footnotes should be single-spaced within the note itself and double-spaced between successive footnotes;
- Footnote references should be numbered consecutively in the text of the essay using arabic numbers with no punctuation accompanying them. The number is raised one-half space above the normal line of writing or typing in the text, and usually appears at the end of the sentence immediately after the closing punctuation. A number may appear in the middle of a sentence only if there is more than one reference in that sentence. When a considerable passage in the essay is based on a single source, a single footnote number should be placed at the end of the entire passage rather than individually numbering each sentence.
- The footnote number should then appear at the bottom of the page as the first line of the footnote reference. The number should be superscribed and without punctuation as in the body of the essay. Leave a space between the number and the author's name;
- Indent the first line of the footnote reference five spaces from the left hand margin before beginning with the footnote number. All subsequent lines should start at the left-hand margin.

The word "footnote" is used to designate a reference given at the bottom or "footnote" of the page on which the reference occurs. However, references can also be accumulated in a consecutive series at the "end" of the essay. This is known as an "endnote". Unless the instructor states a particular preference, either footnotes or endnotes can be used in an essay. The footnote has the advantage of being more directly accessible to the reader since it is located on the same page, but it is more difficult to set up in the process of typing the essay. The endnote is more convenient for the writer to type, but is not as accessible to the reader.

The endnotes appear on a separate page entitled "Notes" immediately following the conclusion of the text of the essay. The conventions that apply to the placement and numbering of footnotes also apply to endnotes with one exception. Endnotes should be double-spaced within the note itself as well as between successive notes.

The actual content of footnotes or endnotes is not so easily summarized, for it will vary according to the nature of the work and the information available about it. The MLA Handbook, for example, lists about fifty variations of first note reference alone. The first reference to a work should be fuller in bibliographic detail than all the subsequent references. Here are some of the more frequently used citations in first reference form.

- Book with a single author
 - Joseph Heller, *Catch-22* (New York: Dell Publishing Co., Inc., 1965), p. 195.
- Book under the direction of an editor or editors
 - Robert K. Merton and Robert A. Nisbet, eds., *Contemporary Social Problems* (New York: Harcourt, Brace & World, Inc. 1966), p. 22.
- Book by one or more authors but edited by another author
 - Karl Marx and Friedrich Engels, *Basic Writings on Politics and Philosophy*, ed. Lewis S. Feuer (New York: Doubleday & Company, Inc., 1959), p. 27.
- Film
 - Bernardo Bertolucci, dir., *Last Tango in Paris*, with Marlon Brando and Maria Schneider, United Artists, 1972.
- Introduction, Preface or Foreword written by neither the author nor the editor
 - Robert L. MacDougall, introd., *The Clockmaker*, by Thomas C. Haliburton (Toronto: McClelland and Stewart Limited, 1958), pp. IX-XVI.

- Pamphlet
 - P.G. Corneil, *The Great Coalition*, Canadian Historical Association, Pamphlet No. 19, Ottawa, 1966, p. 10.
- Periodical article
 - A.I. Silver, "Some Quebec Attitudes in an Age of Imperialism and Ideological Conflict", *Canadian Historical Review*, Vol. LVII, No. 4, December, 1976, pp. 440-60.
- Newspaper Article
 - Marilyn Dunlop, "Liberals to act on homes crisis", *The Toronto Star*, Sunday Edition, Mar. 2, 1980, p. A1.
- Article or chapter in a larger work
 - J.B. Brebner, "Laissez-Faire and State Intervention in Nineteenth Century Britain", in *Essays in Economic History*, Vol. 3, ed., E.M. Carus-Wilson (London: Edward Arnold (Publishers) Ltd., 1966), pp. 252-62.
- Government Publications
 - City of Toronto, *Council Minutes*, 1930, Appendix A, p. 2640.

For a more thorough review of other first note references for works such as films, lectures, interviews, proceedings of conferences, unpublished material etc., consult the *MLA Handbook*.

Once a work has been cited in full detail for the first time, keep subsequent references to a bare minimum. Normally, the author's last name and the page reference are all that are necessary.

- Heller, p. 39.
- Merton and Nisbet, p. 19.
- This form is replacing the term *op. cit.* (Latin "opere citato", in the work cited) which is passing out of use and need no longer be considered. If two works by the same author are being used, specify the title once both works have been cited for the first time.
- Heller, *Catch-22*, p. 210.
- Heller, *Something Happened*, pp. 305-10.
- For consecutive references from the same work, use the term *ibid.* (Latin "ibidem", the same) and the page number.
- Merton and Nisbet, p. 15.
- ibid.*, pp. 17-19.
- ibid.*

If the page number is also the same as above, then *ibid.* on its own is sufficient rather than using the term *loc. cit.* (Latin "loco citato", in the place cited) which is also passing out of use. Another abbreviation which it is important to note is the use of "p." and "pp." to designate a single page and more than one page respectively.

While the foregoing method of documentation is the most commonly employed one, there are others which might be appropriate in certain circumstances. When dealing extensively with a single work such as a novel or a play or with several works by the same author, cite the first note reference fully and indicate all further references to that work parenthetically within the text of the essay: i.e. (Heller, p. 329). Some words such as the Bible, Shakespeare's plays, or poetry have widely used and accepted abbreviations that can be cited parenthetically within the text of the essay after a full first note reference. For example, Shakespeare's *Hamlet* could be cited as (*Ham.* III. ii. 3-7), or a passage from the Bible might read (Luke XIV.5). Parenthetical documentation is also common in essays requiring very few citations or in bibliographic studies. In scientific and technical writing, footnotes are commonly omitted and replaced by the author's last name, a shortened title (if more than one work by that author is being used), and the page number(s), all of which are enclosed in parentheses at the end of the sentence: i.e. (Einstein, pp. 72-91). Then the full documentation is provided in an appended bibliography. Every field of study has its preferred documentation style, and so it is always wise to consult the instructor who will refer the student to the appropriate style manual.

3 TIPS FOR HOT WEATHER



For those torrid days when a long, cool drink is the first order of business—here is a trio that hits right in the middle of the first bull's-eye. Mix one—or order one—and challenge the heat to do its worst.

TOM COLLINS

ANGOSTURA

Juice of one lemon

1 teaspoon fine

granulated sugar

2 oz. dry Gin

Angostura Bitters—sufficient

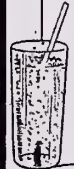
to give drink rich pink color.

Cracked ice—shake and

pour undrained into a Collins

glass. Fill with carbonated

water, stir slightly.



PLANTER'S PUNCH

1 oz. fresh lime juice

2 teaspoons fine

granulated sugar

3 oz. West Indian Rum

5 dashes Angostura Bitters

Shaved ice—shake vigor-

ously and pour undrained

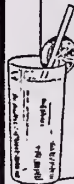
into Collins glass. Fill with

chilled carbonated water,

stir slightly. Garnish with

slice of lemon and dust with

nutmeg. Serve with straw.



RUM COLLINS

ANGOSTURA

Juice of one lemon

1 teaspoon fine

granulated sugar

3 oz. West Indian Rum

5 dashes Angostura Bitters

Cracked ice—shake and

pour undrained into a Collins

glass. Fill with carbonated

water and stir slightly.



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INNIS COLLEGE
UNIVERSITY OF TORONTO



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The Innis Herald is published by the Innis College Student Society and printed by the Weller Publishing Co. Ltd. The opinions expressed in this paper are attributable only to their authors. Letters to the editor should be addressed to The Editor, The Innis Herald, Innis College, 2 Sussex Ave. Toronto Ont. M5S 1J5, and can be sent through campus mail.

LETTERS

To the Editor,

Your editorial in the latest Innis Herald was very misleading and needs to be commented on. The tone of the article was that the co-ops are not fulfilling their responsibilities to the college. This is not true. Together Inno and Taddle Creek house at least 40 Innis students, and are fulfilling agreements made with the college last summer.

While it is partially true that non-students can dominate co-op policy, it should be noted that anyone can have a significant effect on co-op policy, merely by becoming involved in the decision-making process.

Because of its small size and limited financial resources, Taddle Creek cannot expand at present. If you don't understand why, feel free to ask.

The houses in Taddle Creek are kept up as much as money allows, and are not in poor shape. A significant amount of maintenance has been completed recently. Cleanliness is a responsibility of the inhabitants, but there have not been the cleanliness problems that were mentioned in the article.

It is true that one member was not sent an application, by mistake, but she was offered a place. Returning members have to meet the same deadlines applicable to new people applying.

The editorial was inaccurate, irresponsible, and a retraction is in order.

Sincerely,

Norman Dagg
President,
Taddle Creek Co-op, Inc.

Dear Sir,

As one with professional involvement in the relationship between Innis College and the two co-operative housing corporations historically associated with the College, I feel I must comment on the editorial in your September issue (issue 2, volume 14).

First, your assertion that "Innex and Taddle Creek were both created by Innis College specifically to provide living space for Innis College students" is factually mistaken: while this was the case for Inn-Res—the precursor corporation to Taddle-Creek, Innex was incorporated for purposes of its own, as reference to Innex' Articles of Incorporation will verify.

Second, the contention that "the co-ops have begun to... cease to act in the College's best interest is unfortunately expressed. I would submit that while the co-ops *did* increasingly cease to act in the College's interest, there is reason to believe that this trend has now begun to reverse. At the least, the co-ops have increased their ability to

EDITORIAL

A Few Points To Consider If You're Thinking of Quitting School

A) If There are 26,000 undergraduates at U of T
B) and if 24,000 of them are dinks
C) and if the 24,000 dinks are more likely to get their B.A.'s because they're never bothered by the unknown, never concerned with the unity and beauty of their art, never even aware that they are, or should be, artists

Then Why Should The 2,000 Bother To Take Degrees?

- 1) To prove that the intelligent and sensitive are as capable of securing worthless recognition as the dinks are?
- 2) Because the intelligent and sensitive have to live in a world of dinks?
- 3) Because it is the only hope for eventual emancipation from the dinks?
- 4) Because 2,000 is still 2,000 and maybe there's safety in numbers?
- 5) The chance to lead a sheltered life?
- 6) A man's reach must exceed his grasp or what's a heaven for?

The Correct Answer Is:

Because there is nothing else.



QUALIFY FOR A BETTER JOB
HIGHER PAY - GREATER SECURITY
\$75,000 extra income in a lifetime

house Innis students, contrary to your claim.

Third, I challenge the editor to identify which of the fourteen houses in question has "garbage strewn over the lawn"; the houses in question are very definitely not slums.

Finally, as I have formally reported to Innis College Council, Innex has—with essentially technical exceptions—fulfilled the terms of its leases with the University; moreover, Taddle-Creek is, at this very time, giving serious consideration to fundamental changes in its corporate form with a view to formalizing the nature and extent of its obligations to the College, and ensuring accountability to the Innis College Council.

Nevertheless, even with these errors of fact corrected, "many people are mystified by this situation", as you suggest. This perhaps says as much about changing attitudes as it does about the situation.

Respectfully yours,
Forbes Aird,
Residence Co-ordinator

In the editorial of your last issue you claimed that, "There is a great swindle going on in the co-ops" and that Innex was "particularly" at fault. I feel this is incorrect and that the so-called evidence used to support the claim is both false and twisted.

The most basic fallacy is that Innex was created by the College in order to provide housing for Innis College students and that alone. As was pointed out by the Residence Co-ordinator in his recent report to the College Council, this just isn't true. The only contractual arrangement between Innex

and the University was that Innex must admit only U of T students and this we have done. The suggestion that we have broken our lease is totally false and based on obvious ignorance of the facts.

The problem of special status for Innis students was tackled last summer when Innex and the College agreed that, with some exceptions, all new students admitted to Innex would be Innis students.

Seemingly, your most damaging accusation is that Innis students are being denied spots in the co-ops because some Innex spaces can only be rented to families. This is seen as especially deplorable given the number of Innis students needing accommodation. It would be helpful to put this question in perspective. There were 400 applicants turned away this year and there were undoubtedly more who didn't apply. It is patently obvious that the 25 spaces occupied by families of Innex are insignificant when compared to the magnitude of the problem.

In a world where depersonalization and a shifting of responsibility from the individual to remote bureaucratic agencies is the norm, an attempt, especially one as successful as Innex, to establish a happy living situation, bringing people together in a truly responsible community, should be encouraged and welcomed.

Your article and its twisted and mistaken view of the co-ops can only serve to hinder any constructive attempts at resolving the problems between the co-ops and the College.

Charlie Mendes
Innis II
President of Innex



Taddle Creek

Catherine Russell

Innis College has three residences: Vladimir House, Innex and Taddle Creek, right? Well it does and it doesn't. It's true that Innis students live in Vladimir and the two co-ops, Innex and Taddle Creek, but if we're going to speak in legal terms, which in this case seems to be relevant, Innis College has one residence, Vladimir House. Over on the corner of Glenmorris and Spadina, it houses 43 Innis students with a minimum amount of hassles.

What about Taddle Creek and Innex then? When Innis students apply for residence, applications for Vladimir and both Innex and Taddle Creek are sent to them. Check out the Residence Office some day, across from the mail room on the first floor. Its walls are covered with little notices about the co-ops and it's very likely that our gallant Residence Co-ordinator, Forbes Aird, and his able assistant, Nancy, will be puzzling over some co-op-related problem.

The editorial in the last issue of the *Herald* raised some questions about the co-ops, pointing to such contradictions as the fact that neither Taddle Creek or Innex are legally responsible to Innis. Their agreement to accept a proportionate number of Innis students is not legally binding, but made in exchange for the administration provided by the College Residence Office. Last year 27 of the total of 74 people housed by the co-ops were Innis students. This year the figure is more like 151, 14 of whom are multi-faculty students who have adopted Innis as their College for a fee of eighteen dollars. (Whether this fee must be paid before or after they are assured a place in residence isn't clear.) The remaining 31% of co-op residents are other U of T students and working people.

Now there's nothing wrong with this in principle — it's rather original for a university residence to allow such a mixture of students and non-students. In fact the co-ops were originally created by the College with the intention of including the community. The idea for co-operative based housing came from the students themselves, and the general consensus of the College was to avoid an institutional structure.

Things have gotten out of kilter though. That editorial also uses such phrases as "a great swindle", "mismanagement and stagnation", "grossly arbitrary" membership selection, and points out that there are many Innis students who don't get into any Innis residence and have to find lodgings elsewhere.

The problem has two sides to it. The co-ops aren't providing adequate residence space for Innis students, and the co-ops are badly run. Because the ideals on which the co-ops were set up have given way to new priorities, the organizations have run into complications which have been building up for the past few years.

There is confusion in the membership selection process, which appears arbitrary and changes from year to year, over whether priority should be given to Innis students or good "co-op" people. Bureaucratic problems have developed from the fact that the administrators of the co-ops are ineligible to make decisions.

The present situation might be described as being "out of hand". Forbes described it as being "murky", meaning that it isn't very clear how things stand, or how they came to be the way they are — there is a certain vagueness and ambiguity surrounding the co-ops. Forbes spent a good part of last year cutting far enough through the murk to produce a report called *Gimme Shelter*, which details the complicated histories of the co-ops, the degree to which they fulfill their potential as co-ops, and the extent to which they "serve" Innis. A look at the histories of the two co-ops will not necessarily clarify the murkiness (the only way to do that is to talk to Forbes for a few hours, and

then everyone else who ever had anything to do with the co-ops, and even then you're apt to just get lost in the murk), but it might help to show why everything is as complicated as it is.

The present site of Innis College was granted by the University in 1972 along with the houses along Sussex Ave. (numbers 8 to 24). At that time there was a lot of thought given, by the city and the university, to the character and value of communities and neighbourhoods. The decision to include the public in Innex was based on a desire to be a part of the existing community, to avoid a student ghetto, and to allow the existing residents of the houses to remain where they were.

If any co-operation was to be formed it would have to be separate legal entity because Innis College has no independent legal status. So the Innex co-operative corporation was formed on a lease with the university on the condition that 2/3 of the residents be U of T students, but not specifically Innis students. Because the C.M.H.C. (Canadian Mortgage and Housing Corporation) funding was (and is) not available to houses occupied by students, the property was divided into two sections with one lease for students houses and one lease for family houses. So much for mixing students up with the community.

Taddle Creek, or Inn-Res, as it was first called, was formed by Innis students for Innis students. In 1970 the co-operative was created to provide residence for Innis students and staff in four off-campus houses. The problems arose in 1975 when the name was changed to Taddle Creek (because it felt in need of a clearly separate identity from the College), a house previously leased was purchased, and its status was changed from a co-operative corporation to a non-profit co-operative.

The changes meant that the membership would no longer be restricted to students. According to Dave Jackson, the Residence Co-ordinator at that time, the changes were made to "encourage a more stable and diversified membership base", and to be eligible for C.M.H.C. funding. It's interesting that the funding was never then applied for, and even if it was, Taddle Creek, because it still included students, wouldn't have actually been eligible. None of these changes seemed to have been made with the benefit of Innis students in mind. From the current point of view, that Taddle Creek is for Innis College, this appears to be a move backwards.

In his report, Forbes calculates that last year 3/4 OF THE Residence Office's time, space and labour was spent on the co-ops, and one quarter on Vladimir House. Considering that the Office is financed primarily by the Innis Administrative budget, and that the co-ops last year were 63% non-Innis students, Innis College is essentially providing a public service. Granted that there are significantly more Innis students this year, the problem is still potentially there. The situation is still somewhat irrational, especially in Taddle Creek which makes no financial contribution to the Residence Office at all.

The last section of *Gimme Shelter* summarizes how well the co-ops actually function. Forbes sees three potential benefits of a co-op: reduced bureaucracy, volunteer labour, and social benefits.

Taddle Creek has 6 decision making agencies: a general membership, a board of directors, 3 labour committees, and all financial dealings are made through the Residence Office, which makes for anything but a simplified bureaucracy. To explain the procedure that a Residence Application Form goes through would take up too much space here, and anyway, no-one quite understands it.

As for volunteer labour, show me one willing Taddle Creek volunteer and I'll show you four badly insulated houses. The lack of enthusiasm and organization arises from a definite lack of vested interest due to the transient population, which again is partly due to the irrational bureaucracy which tends to oust old members. While social benefits are inevitable in group living conditions, Innis College does not directly benefit from the intermingling of students and non-students, and it should therefore cease to be a priority.

Forbes ends his report with the conclusion that the co-ops don't meet the residential needs of the College. "First, there are simply not enough places available. Second, the small total is not dedicated to the use of Innis students...Third, the membership selection process is not responsible to the College." His proposal is that the Residence Committee, comprised of co-op members and Innis staff, should take over the membership committees of both corporations.

This is not really a satisfactory solution though, as both co-ops are independent legal entities and still have no formal obligations to Innis. The Residence Committee has no authority to direct either

co-op to do anything. An arrangement has been made with Innex that the stipulated proportion of U of T students be made specifically Innis students, but one third of the co-op will continue to be families.

What is in question now is the changing of Taddle Creek's corporate status from a co-operative to a non-profit corporation. This would allow the directors to be non-members, i.e.) the Residence Committee, responsible to the Innis College Council, would be able to direct the organization. It would make Taddle Creek accountable to Innis; it would mean that all the complaints (legitimate and otherwise) that have been coming to the Residence Office would be coming to the right place. Innis has always seemed responsible for the co-ops, now it would be responsible for at least one of them.

There is undoubtedly a need for some kind of structural change. The amount of work that is done by the Residence Office for the benefit of 30 people is unjustified. Anyone who has lived in Taddle Creek can't help but be aware of the confused bureaucracy. Meetings are held that are meetings in name only: nothing is solved and attendance is low.

Changing the co-operative status won't mean that the houses won't continue to be co-operatively run. They will continue of course to be shared living accommodations with common kitchens, living rooms and bathrooms. Just the legal status will change. And it is probable that, by clearing away all the bureaucratic confusion and simplifying the administration, the general characters of the co-op houses will improve.

Norm Dagg, president of the Taddle Creek Board of Directors, sees several advantages in the change. For one thing, given the choice of going completely independent of changing their corporate status so as to be accountable to Innis, Taddle Creek would have to go for the latter. The business experience, financial experience, the time, and the space provided by the Residence Office is indispensable to the co-op which is really unequipped to handle its own administration right now, and would need some kind of inner changes anyway, if it were to attempt to do so.

The co-op's Board of Directors have decided in favour of the change, and it will be put to the members at a general meeting on Nov. 16. Norm has some reservation over the legal implications of handing over the students' control, but this is outweighed by the advantages. He sees it as a good organization right now that does meet Innis needs, but faced with a choice, there is really only one way to go. The only drawback he sees in no longer having non-Innis students is that they are the ones willing and capable to do the volunteer financial and maintenance duties, because they feel the need to "work for their space".

Taddle Creek has been the same size since its conception as Inn-Res, being unable to expand because of limitations due to the crazy bureaucracy where the administrators are unable to make decisions, and the transient, thus apathetic membership. By making the proposed change, things will be simplified so that the possibility of acquiring more houses can be considered, and with an increased membership, the possibility of lower housing charges.

Innis will in effect be gaining another residence, one which, like Vladimir House, will meet the College's residence needs adequately and efficiently. While Innex has made an agreement to continue being 2/3 Innis students, it is not legally binding. One third will remain as family housing, it will still be legally independent, and it will still be administered by the Innis Residence Office.

The change in Taddle Creek appears small, relatively insignificant, and on the whole, beneficial. It reflects a change in priorities, though, a different notion of needs. The change has been proposed as a means to better serve Innis students. As a staff-member of Innis College, Forbes feels obligated to provide efficient housing for Innis students in the "cheapest and most dignified way." He sees the historical and present character of the co-ops as being "an attachment to means" at the expense of attention to ends, but perhaps it's just that the ends have shifted and the means have been left behind.

While his position is perfectly legitimate in 1980, consider the motivation from which the co-ops originated. The desire to provide residence for Innis students went hand in hand with a desire to get along with the neighbours. There was concern over the formation of a student ghetto, and a realization that the inclusion of non-students would reduce the transient nature of the co-ops.

Continued on page 11



New Dance At The National

by Fiona Lucas

As one of the National Ballet's Company choreographers (along with Constantin Patsalas), James Kudelka has created some worthwhile additions for the repertoire with *Washington Square* and *A Party*. He also recently created a wonderfully subtle but fiery solo for Veronica Tennant (dressed in a backless, sizzling, red, Spanish dress), to Ravel's *Bolero*. His newest work, for the current season at the O'Keefe, is *Playhouse*.

I wish I could say unequivocally that I liked *Playhouse*, since I've liked all his previous works. It's too long, too indistinct, and except for some very funny choreographic moments and characterizations, I didn't find it very absorbing.

The premise is, that individual performers, and by extension, the audience members too, must each ultimately wear a mask of conformity if a cohesive, unified work is to be performed and appreciated. With sixteen vignettes, Kudelka explores the joyfulness and exasperation of forging this unified work out of a collection of eccentric personalities who have varying physical attributes and abilities.

Presiding over this process of creation with eccentric flamboyance is the tuxedoed Impresario. Kudelka has choreographed this role for a man and a woman on alternate performances - an ingenious device from the viewer's point of view. She/He assumes at times different characters, but finally, during the culminating ensemble, she/he becomes a diabolical and vaudevillian master of ceremonies.

Around her/him, the dancers, having shed their colourful practice clothes down to flesh-tone leotards and tights, move and intertwine like well-oiled parts in the proverbial machine. They perform for two audiences; the anonymous group who occupy the theatre seats, and the anonymous painted sea of asexual, spherical faces on the vast backdrop. The audiences find themselves staring at one another - a most peculiar sensation!

The second half of the double was the romantic ballet *La Sylphide* - nothing could be as different as these two ballets. *La Sylphide* has a long, venerable history. (Taglioni first created the sylph in 1832.) The National Ballet's dramatic version was staged for them by Eric Bunn 16 years ago. It's a Scottish tale about a young man, James, who falls in love with a sylph, with unhappy consequences.

Guest artist Jean-Charles Gil, (replacing an absent Frank Augustyn), only 21, gave us an impassioned, youthful James, bewildered and totally captivated by the sylph. His dancing is truly fine. Veronica Tennant as the sylph danced as ethereally as always; her sylph is a joyfully teasing, precocious and affectionate creature. Her death is pathetically sad. As James' human fiancée, Effie, Linda Maybarduk danced with a youthful sweetness.

But someone should do something about the hokey disappearing and flying tricks!

Rage

by J. Ward

Apparently in boxing, as in any other professional sport, there are rules and regulations, skills to be perfected, elements like personal technique, excellence - that sort of thing. Or so they say. In Martin Scorsese's new film, *RAGING BULL*, none does not sense that this is the case. What one does sense, however, is that some people make a living, and others make a fortune, by climbing into a large playpen and beating the crap out of each other.

In the case of middleweight champion Jake LaMotta, played by Robert De Niro, we have a man who, lucky for him, found his niche in the world and made a lot of money because he *really* beat the crap out of just about *anybody*. Anybody also happens to include his wife and family.

It's an indication of the superb acting and brilliant direction throughout this film that we are able to watch, totally engrossed, a thoroughly hateful character beat the crap out of people for about two hours. Well, maybe not thoroughly hateful. At the beginning of the film one of the things about Jake that touches you is his intense passion for his beautiful young wife. But it's a passion that quickly becomes a sick obsession and his relentless jealousy and paranoia doom him to ultimate loneliness.

You also start out admiring the bullheaded individualism with which he approaches his career: he desperately wants a shot at the title, but refuses to play the corrupt game of accommodating the mob. When he finally does take a dive, the scene following - where he weeps on his knees in the dressing room - is moving indeed. But it seems that he is weeping not so much for his lost honour, but instead because he's placed himself in someone else's hands - his paranoia is so great that the only person on earth he trusts is his own brother.

Their relationship is hilarious. Always arguing and nagging, they still manage to enter into each conflict with renewed amazement at each others' stupidity or stubbornness. But even this bond is undercut when it is revealed that where Jake's wife Vicky is concerned, no one is above suspicion. In a rather horrifying scene he beats the crap out of his own brother - whose children look silently on - because he's gotten it into his head that they were having an affair while he was away at training camp.

Every scene in this hot, smoky, crowded film, shot in black and white, threatens to explode into violence, and most of the scenes do just that. The focus on LaMotta's anger and fear is so intense and tight that the camera responds sympathetically at times to his state of mind. We often get his point of view in slow motion - whether he's mesmerized by his wife or assessing his opponent in the ring. There are other cinematic conceits which seamlessly enhance or intensify the film's tensions. Most notable is his final match with Sugar Ray Robinson where Robinson, dramatically backlit, delivers his final devastating blows in slow motion to the tune of crackling flashbulb explosions.

In terms of content, the film does weaken somewhat towards the end. Perhaps we get just too much of Jake LaMotta's sleazy decline into an overweight nightclub owner/performer. It's all great stuff - De Niro almost unrecognizable as an obese and balding stand-up comic - but it simply goes on too long.

Nevertheless, it's a great film; De Niro is outstanding, and if you don't go see it I'll have my editor come over and beat the crap out of you.

Review

Witless Wonder At Wit's End

The Torontonians fail to please Daniele Savage

Torontonians, which opened November 12th at the Theatre Passe Muraille, is not what it's cracked up to be. I was hoping for biting satire on Toronto society. No such luck. *Torontonians* is a whimsical little play, but the production leads me to the conclusion that the show opened before anyone was really ready. The musical numbers are in a highly polished style without the corresponding sophistication of execution. While there is occasionally some fine acting, for the most part the jokes are flat; in more serious moments the director often goes for a slick performance which does not do the characters justice.

The play concerns an upper-class family, the Willcockses, who live in "Roschenge" (no comment). They are basically happy energetic people. They have their problems, of course—in particular the Colonel (Jim Garrard) who owns the big house they all live in (Wit's End, it's called), has a French Canadian for an alter-ego who persuades him to sell the house to a firm interested in establishing a shopping mall in the area. This sends the family into a uproar. Meanwhile, his son John (John Jarvis), the businessman, is having an affair, which greatly upsets his wife, played by Kate Lynch. His brother Frank (John Blackwood) is a poet and self-proclaimed "Weak-kneed pervert," and we get ample evidence of this throughout.

In addition, there's Aunt Marien, a proper matron who gives us etiquette lessons and who hates the new Eaton's because of "all the plants". (She is played by Marien Lewis, the only one who knows how to sing). Finally, who can forget their Japanese maid, Nagasaki? She wishes that she were any independent woman so she could seduce businessmen like John—"we'd see who'd take advantage of whom." Nagasaki is played by Nat-suko Ohama.

Naturally, in the end, everything comes out okay: they don't have to move. The Colonel comes to his senses with the aid of John and Conrad Black (it's too complicated to explain, believe me). The wife has gotten rid of her husband's mistress with the use of blackmail, the maid—when had quit—is accepted back without question, and Frank is still a weak-kneed pervert.

Torontonians is not terribly enlightening, nor is it powerful satire. The best lines seem to be those that concern the city itself—sort of inside jokes accessible to anyone who lives here. These include references to the Globe and the Park Plaza, and an appearance by Ohama as Adrian Clarkson. These are not enough, however, to redeem this play from its obvious flaws.

fiction

Old Man And Dog, Take One

Lauren Mould

He is almost completely bald except for a few dry, grey tufts of hair above his ears. I see him walking down the street, alone. Well... no, there is a dog with him which runs a few feet ahead, sniffing around the bottom of trees. So where are the man and the dog going? To the store? The old man will buy a chocolate bar which he'll share with his dog. No, that's no good. To the park, then. The man could sit on a park bench while the dog, with its tail in the air and its nose on the ground, runs in circles following the trails of other dogs. Perhaps the man could read the paper while this dog of his runs around acting busy. Wrong. There are too many stories about men with their silly little dogs going to the park. Okay, maybe the man and the dog are going to the bank. Yes, I like that. They'll go to the bank, the dog will sit outside receiving the brief affection of strangers while the old man goes inside.

I suppose I should fill in a few details. The old man lives alone in a two bedroom bungalow, the same house that he lived in with his wife for twenty years. She died seven years ago, unexpectedly, in her sleep. He sat on the edge of the bed, in a cold grey wash of daylight, and stared at her for two hours. Then he called an ambulance. Both his son and daughter tried to convince him to come and live with them. He didn't want to move.

He bought a dog instead and hired a part-time housekeeper. The housekeeper's name is Maria. The old man likes Maria's cooking better than he liked his wife's. The dog's name is Colonel Jay. (Jay-Jay for short.) And the old man's name is Cecil. Cecil Stevenson.

I don't want to create the impression that he is just another old man, living without dreams, waiting to die and join his wife in that furry white place in the sky. No, Cecil has a vigorous mental life. He reads alot. Scientific journals, Time magazine, the paper every day. He uses a magnifying glass and complains to his dog about the size of the print. He likes sports, especially baseball. No, he does not play Bingo.

He likes women. Even at eighty he still thinks about those sort of things. His imagination can be described as active and unrealistic. He liked the sixties when the skirts spiralled above the knees and women went braless.

He must have fought in the first world war. Yes, that's right. He would have been in his late teens, early twenties. He was situated in France and fought at the front. He wrote strange fragmented letters to his family and fiancée. He wrote about the incessant thundering noise, flying shrapnel, and fiery red hazes, and the number of Germans he had shot. He said he was having a wonderful time and was going to bring home a German uniform. After the war his wife would wake during

the middle of the night, look out the window and see him standing in front of their farm house with a rifle in his hand.

Back to the story. Colonel Jay is now sitting outside of the bank while Cecil has gone inside to cash his pension check. Colonel Jay is part Dackshund, part Corgy. He is a fat little dog and cats almost anything except oranges. Sometimes in the morning he will sit on the old man's knee and cat toast.

Inside, the bank Cecil will check to see if his favourite teller is there today. She has dyed blonde hair, and smiles alot, and has, of course, big tits. Today, as always, Cecil will pretend he is hard of hearing so she will have to bend forward when she talks to him. He likes the luxurious, soft tone of her voice. He would like her to sit beside him on a sofa and read stories to him. He would like...well, perhaps I should not pry into the dreams of an old man.

Cecil goes through his usual routine of stalling for time by needlessly transferring money from one account to another. The line-up behind him will grow impatient because they're on their lunch hour, or they're illegally parked, or they're sick of old people who spend too much time at the wicket. When Cecil leaves the bank he will find that Colonel Jay has gone. There is only a small puddle where the dog has been.

The story will go something like this.

Do You Remember Geoffrey Stack?

by Michael Swan

Do you remember Geoffrey Stack? Sue Stack's retarded brother? He's still living with his parents. We can go and see him if you want. He's out on the baseball field behind Parkview School. He's riding his beat up old green bicycle with the cobra handle-bars and the banana seat; he's wearing his blue denim cap with all the buttons pinned to it; he's wearing a green T-shirt with some dark brown logo on it and short pants made from old blue jeans (they snugly sheath his hairy thighs halfway down to his knees where his mother sewed the hem with red thread); he's wearing his dad's brown socks, and white and blue adidas.

He stands on the pedals of his old green bike trying to make it go faster. He wrinkles his forehead and stares down at his front wheel and concentrates. He growls through his nose to make a sound like a motorcycle and tears down the third base line, jams on the brakes, and makes a sound like screeching tires when his bikes throws sand up around him. We can laugh a little because we've seen this before. And we can shout "Hi Geoff" and wave.

Geoffrey looks back at us from across the field, but we're standing in the sun and he can't see who we are. He probably wouldn't remember us even if he could make out our faces. But, with the sun at our backs, standing at the other end of the field, all that Geoff can make out is silhouettes in different coloured clothes. He doesn't know why we are waving at him because he doesn't know who we are. He thinks that we've been staring at him; that makes him feel funny.

He pulls the green bicycle upright between his legs, sits on the banana seat, and starts pedaling toward the line of poplars at the top end of the field. He gradually picks up speed as he rides across the field and on the other side of the poplars he passes onto the road. Now he can go a lot faster and he starts to head home.

At first he thinks about us, but after he gets off of the school grounds and onto the road, he just listens to the sound of his fat back tire hzzzzing over the asphalt. When it's hot on an early afternoon in June, before all the kids get out of

school, he can listen to the sound of his back tire hzzzz down the hill toward his house for a long time.

He turns and glides up to the driveway of his house. He abandons the bike on its side in front of the garage door. We can walk by the Stack's house and see the green bike lying where it fell on the driveway. The cobra handle-bars are twisted toward us and the pedal on the underside of the bike digs into the hot black asphalt. It's the only bike that you can see from the street among all the black driveways and cut lawns in Geoff's neighbourhood. All the lawns along Geoff's side of the street are the same length because Geoffrey cuts them all on Saturdays for two dollars a house.

Do you remember when that bike was new, and Geoff was fifteen, and it was his first bike? It had red and yellow and green plastic streamers hanging from the ends of those big cobra handlebars. It had a chrome chainguard and chrome fenders. Those must have rusted off. The banana-seat used to be shiny black vinyl. The vinyl is cracked and torn now, and you can see the foam rubber and steel that used to be concealed underneath.

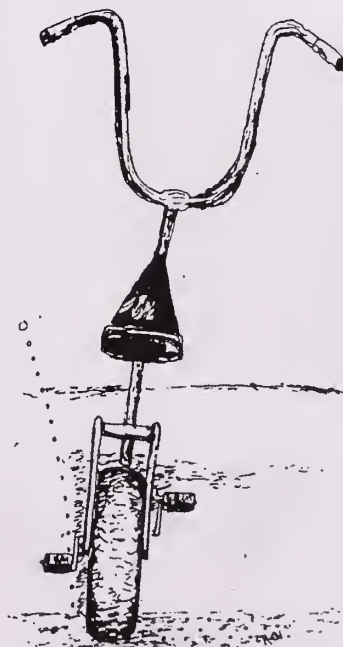
Geoff left the front door open when he ran inside. Inside his mother is on the phone saying how it's rained every weekend so far this summer. Geoff is opening cupboard door all around the kitchen looking for the peanut butter. Geoff's mother tells the person on the phone that Geoffrey's just come in and that she'll have to go now.

She says goodbye, hangs up the phone, starts closing cupboard doors, and gets Geoff the peanut butter and some bread. Geoffrey gets a knife. He licks the first scoop right off the knife and then spreads the next scoop of peanut butter on one slice of bread, slaps another slice on top, and walks away eating.

Mrs. Stack puts away the peanut butter and bread, wipes off the counter and dries her hands on the front of her skirt. For a little while she stands still in the middle of the kitchen and listens to Geoff turn on the TV and switch the channels. Then she walks down the stairs to the laundry

room to start another load. You know how Mrs. Stack walks, don't you? She slopes her shoulders forward, looks down at her feet, and takes those funny little goose steps. Sue even walks a little bit like that, sometimes.

We can't just stand outside of the Stack's house while Geoff watches the last half of "The Young and the Restless" and Mrs. Stack does the laundry. You can walk back out through the park to Main Street with me, or you can go home.



Advice

PERFECTION With a Southern Accent



Miss Otis Regrets

Once again, the *Innis Herald* is honoured to present the wisdom and compassion of that guru of grace and manners: Miss Otis Regrets.

Dear Miss Otis,

You probably won't believe this, but I'm a second year PHE student taking a philosophy course in Hegel as a bird. (I have to have a rest from my strenuous courses like Pectorals 391Y and Triceps 206H).

My problem is that there is a girl in this course who seems totally unaware of my presence. I don't have to tell you how maddening this is. If I don't catch her eye soon I could have a total systems shutdown. I've tried everything but no matter what I do she just sits up there at the front of the class shaping her nails and perfecting her fuschia lipstick. She just *sits* there, dammit, blinking in the direction of the professor in a hot pink mohair sweater that's strained to the limit in its efforts to contain a pair of 3-d parabolas that could rip the eyeballs right out of your pet goldfish and never looks at me.

I sit right beside her and yawn and stretch so as to display my really broad shoulders and huge biceps to advantage. I've been wearing skin-tight T-shirts and enough High Karate to risk causing Mississauga II.

Last week I played my last card. I donned my tailor-made black leather jacket, mounted my Kawasaki K2 1300 custom, and, holding my books between my teeth, I popped a wheelie at 60 mph and drove right through the window into the classroom. I parked my bike behind the lectern, ostentatiously slipped out of my jacket and curled my left arm to showcase a bicep muscle that is unequalled on this campus.

But she just sat there. Blowing those wet-look nails dry.

What do I try next, Miss Otis?

Yours very desperately,

Marvin Duluth-Waterston III
PHE II

Miss Otis responds:

My dear young man,

You sound so confused. Confused and perhaps just a wee bit sick. For a start, dearest, stop going to your Hegel class as a bird. Biceps, shmiceps, - no girl in her right mind is ever going to give you a tumble if you're dressed as a chicken.

And as for blinking at the professor in a hot pink mohair sweater, well, really, you can hardly blame the girl. In my day, if a professor so much as showed up in a hot pink mohair necktie, he'd have had his head blown off. And what's all this about blinding my pet goldfish? What sort of warped satisfaction you hope to reap from an act of such wanton cruelty I can't even begin to imagine. It sounds to me, son, like you need some good old-fashioned electro-shock therapy and a few pet puppies. You can rip the eyes out of those little suckers all you like.

Kissy-kissy til next time,

Miss Otis Regrets.

Night-before-Christmas parties



Contributors



Gilbert Millstein, who writes on the zany side of life for *The New York Times*, tells how a rabbit gave TV's Robert Sadek the idea of *Omnibus*. P. 228.



Ethel M. Keating, author of *The Chocolate Cook Book*, p. 203, is a Milwaukee-born dietitian, world traveler, Cordon Bleu expert. She owns 600 cook books.



Robert M. Little is the Miami architect for General Electric's Wonder House. We bring you its fabulous comforts and house-keeping aids, pp. 186-193.



James A. Beard, who writes *The Alchemy of Liquors* (see page 158), is one of America's most popular authorities on the arts of good wining and dining.



CHRISTMAS RECIPES
guaranteed to inspire
tree-trimmers, fortify carolers,
and revive iciling Santas

TINA TIM PUDDINGS

This is a delightful bit - it's almost a confection; you don't want a real dessert for a late supper like this, I hope that you'll make up some extras, to have on hand for afternoon teas and so on. In place of the usual fruit cake,

2 cups seedless raisins
2 cups dried figs
12 graham crackers
1 cup peanut butter
2 1/2 cups honey
1/4 teaspoon salt
1 cup chopped pecans
1 pkg. semi-sweet chocolate bits

Put the raisins, figs, and graham crackers through the food chopper, then blend with all the remaining ingredients except the chocolate bits. Blend thoroughly, mixing with the fingers if necessary, or with a fork. Pack firmly into individual molds, well buttered not deep molds, such as could use for gelatin mixtures, but shallow ones, not more than 1/2 inch deep. Try to use star molds for this party. If you have only 4x molds, pack that many, chill thoroughly, then turn out and pack - one more. Or, put one-half inch thick into a buttered pan, chill thoroughly.

(Continued on page 167)



WREATH SALAD

2 cans jellied cranberry sauce
1 table-spoon unflavored gelatin
1/4 cup cold water
Small bunch Tokay grapes
Small can crushed pineapple
1/2 cup chopped nuts

Turn the cranberry sauce out of the cans into the top of the double boiler and break it up very fine with a fork. Place over hot water for a few moments, until melted. Soak the gelatin in the cold water for 5 minutes, and dissolve by placing the cup in hot water for a minute or so. Add to the cranberry sauce. Cool. Seed enough grapes to make 1 cup. Drain the pineapple well. Add the fruit and nuts to the gelatin mixture. Chill until it begins to thicken, then turn into a ring mold which has been lightly oiled with salad oil. Refrigerate until set. I like to make this the day before, so that it will be nice and firm. Then, afternoon of the party, turn onto a large platter and garnish with water cress leaves and red cinnamon ramifies, to look like a holly wreath. Pass a dish of mayonnaise thinned with the pineapple syrup. Serves 8.



An Invite

Big Bags of groceries
sitting on the stairs
I've spent the morning
sorting out my chairs

cause I'm going to have a party
and it's going to be a smash
and I even bought the liquor
with cold hard cash

if you don't wear a funny suit
you won't get in
so rent yourself a can of worms
and strap it to your shin

and shave and shower
and show up on the dot
when the walls'll be shaking
and the hot jazz hot

and the girls'll be pretty
(if a little statuesque)
and Marie will do the hully gully
standing on my desk

then she'll sip a glass of vodka
while she lies upon the floor
or she might punch out the landlord
(cause she did that once before)

but we'll stick him in the backroom
with some ice upon his head
and we'll play us some charades
until the rosy dawn's red

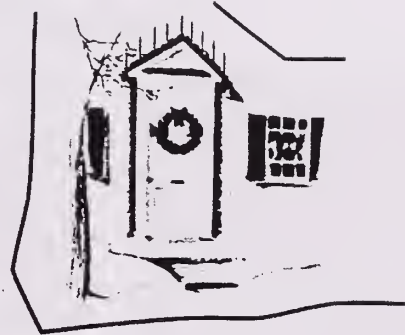
then we'll fall asleep together
with our chicken suits on
and for breakfast in the morning
we'll have oysters on the lawn

Tom Waits Comes To Town,
Meets Me At A Party,
And Writes This Song

Your bloodshot emerald eyes
are blinking Christmas at me,
red and green and red and green
it's all that I can see,
and when you roll down your nylons
and foxtrot all alone
the way you shift your hips
it chills me to the bone
and I'd get up and I'd grab you
if only I could move
but I'm pissed out of my skull
and I got nothing to prove
because you know how much I want you
and I'll love you till I die
which could be any minute
after half a quart of rye
Oh bye bye
baby
bye bye

Her husband
Works Nights

It's raining
it's boring
I want to go out
whoring
and leave behind
the little brat
whose cries I am
ignoring



My Appreciation

It's splendid that you love me,
I really think it's swell,
especially when you say that life without me would
be hell,
and when you buy me jewelery,
and fancy lingerie,
and kiss my hands and feet in that endearing, desperate way,
and how your face grows ashen,
and how you pace the floor,
when I recall the passion of a lover from before
and in the wee small hours,
should I express a wish,
for chocolate covered almonds or perhaps for chips and fish,
it's sweet to watch you struggle,
out of bed and out the door,
and out into the darkness on your errand of
amour,
it's splendid that you love me,
I really think it's swell,
except I'm getting bored with you and wish you'd go to hell.

Now you're REALLY eating shortcake!



THE BEST THINGS IN LIFE ARE FOOD

I just had breakfast
I just had lunch
I just had half a bushel
of Quaker Harvest Crunch

It's too late to diet
It's too soon to die
I want to stuff my big fat face
with Grasshopper pie

and I see my thighs expanding
as I lie on this divan
and I wonder if the time is right
for blueberry flan

you see, I'm scared of going hungry
in this cold world of ours
and I need the love and comfort
of my Cadbury bars

because my friends are fair-weather
and a good man's hard to find
but as long as I've got food and money
I don't mind.

Janet Ward



McLuhan And The Fall

By Dennis Duffy

I want to examine the tradition of cultural commentary to which McLuhan belongs. Briefly, he offers a kind of humanistic commentary on culture that extends at least as far back as Erasmus, and proceeds through such figures as Alexander Pope, Jonathan Swift, John Ruskin, and T. S. Eliot until the present day. That is a rather extensive list. I can crudely classify these literary men as sharing one concern: they feared a growing separation between words and things, finding that language itself appeared to suppose a growing gap in Western culture between the intellectual and the moral. McLuhan shares a habit of mind with John Ruskin and T. S. Eliot, which links the three of them as observers of a cultural fall that took place at the time we describe loosely as the Renaissance.

Ruskin's *The Stones of Venice* (1851-3) gave him concrete, spatial, architectural evidence of a decline and fall, a model for cultural displacement that would aid him in classifying the non-architectural cultural ruins he had become aware of.

In a moment as dramatic in our cultural history as the penetration of the tomb of King Tut, Ruskin mounted a ladder to observe closely the effigy of a Renaissance pope. There he discovered that the fine detailing and artistry had been lavished only on the visible side of the sculpture. This was what Ruskin had been waiting for, for during the Renaissance as he saw it, Venice began to split professionalism from moral commitment in art and architecture. Thus a concept of artistic integrity holding that a work needed to be complete in itself and finished in a uniform manner had given way to one in which an audience's demands had been pragmatically assessed. Obviously, an artist fulfilling these traditions and conventions in things visible need not concern himself too deeply with things invisible.

Recall two aspects of Ruskin's analysis: the fall happened during the Renaissance, and it came about as a split rather than as a deliberate adoption of an alternative role, as happened in *Genesis*. The fall did resemble that in *Genesis* in one very important respect, in that it was accompanied by a rise in intelligence and sophistication. Adam and Eve knew that they were naked, even as Venetian artists knew that art played merely a represen-

tational role and that effectiveness of representational values became a standard superior to moral exactitude.

Eliot's *The Waste Land* deals with a dry, fallen world that can be transcended only through mystical experience. Split and discontinuity form the prevailing features of that world. Splits between social classes and speaking styles, past and present cultural artifacts, the squalid and the heroic: all these make up the fragments shored against a ruin. Intellect, like sexuality, plays only a negative role in *The Waste Land*. Here rests a solution to cultural despair in which intellect must curb itself and the soul leap to a peace that passes mere understanding.

While he was working on the final stages of *The Waste Land*, Eliot published an essay in which he used a phrase, "dissociation of sensibility." "The Metaphysical Poets" stated that in the late sixteenth and early seventeenth centuries, a poet's "thought...was an experience; it modified his sensibility." That sensibility was "constantly amalgamating disparate experience"; later poets failed to "feel their thought as immediately as the order of a rose."

Eliot's remarks were Ruskin's in shorthand. For he also had discerned a fall from a state of grace, which took the form of a split; the unity of thought and feeling, concept and thing had shattered into arid intellectualism countered by unmediated emotionalism.

McLuhan gives us the outline of another theory of cultural fall, in the person on "typographic man", who stalks the pages of *The Gutenberg Galaxy*. What forces created him?

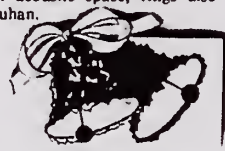
For oral man, to speak was also to hear. A bard spoke back what he had heard, refashioning that chain of meaningful sounds into a new pattern that resonated with the earlier form that the song began with. No artificial hearing aids existed. One heard only by listening to others speak, and only idiots escaped this interplay of senses. The cultured man had perforce to be a public person, a professor, one who spoke forth certain beliefs, modified and adopted over the ages by what had been spoken and heard.

Scribal man perfected this man as a communicator. For he not only possessed in writing an aid to memory, a bank of irreducibly deposits, but writing for him remained only an aid rather than a substitute for oral aural communication. The rec-

tangle of the codex remained enclosed within the larger, limitless realm of acoustic space, wherein sounds and sense remained unbreakably limited. The written word came to life only when spoken. Eye was added to mouth and ear, but all these senses worked together without upsetting their mutual balance. The heard and spoken word would fill the space between teacher and learner.

The came topographic man. Writing, the onetime aid to memory, proliferated as print to an extent sufficient for the use of eye to swamp those of mouth and ear. Everywhere the cheap, infinitely reproducible, the everlastingly uniform squeezed out the old, rich particularities of voice and tone. What had once been a chorus of unique diversities engaged in a common hymn became a systematized, monotonous hum of endlessly proliferating information. Print gave use the message, a fall-as-split. The eye split off from tongue and ear, the individual reader (no longer a lector) split off from his disembodied teacher, the audience remote from the speaker. The fount of moveable type became the fount of inspiration, bringing about the fall of that integrated culture and segmenting experience into variations on prefabricated themes. Gained were diffusion, reliability, uniformity—the virtues of empire; lost were the quirky, particularist, unexportable riches of the city-state.

McLuhan's communications theories attract humanists because they share in a venerable theoretical tradition by which the present discontents are explained in terms of a split that happened in the West during a period we loosely label the Renaissance. His theories speak to a culture that has long since abandoned in its public life the Judaeo-Christian tradition that shaped it, but one which still hums with memories of a myth of fall. Whether or not we remain believers, that fall haunts us, and gives a depth of association to the models of cultural experience given us by McLuhan and his predecessors. We relish the idea of the fall. We took a period of cultural change, and labelled it the *Fall of Rome*. McLuhan's ability to tap such powerful currents has given his work its excitement and appeal. *Genesis* for the fall of man, *Revelations* for the fall of Rome: both ring in our ears from beginning to end. Amid that fallen acoustic space, rings also the work of McLuhan.



On Writing Documentation and Completion

by Roger Riendeau

As the end of term approaches, so do the deadlines for the submission of essays. But before submitting their essays, students must not overlook two important final touches which enhance the academic quality of their work. First, if the essay has involved research, students must document all sources of information through footnotes and a bibliography to avoid a possible charge of plagiarism. Second, they must revise their work from the rough draft stage to a formalized final copy by adhering to certain technical requirements of form. The objective is to "package" the essay into an attractive format so the reader will find it visually appealing in addition to being intellectually stimulating.

Avoid Plagiarism

It is the duty of the writer to keep an exact record of his sources of information and compile it in an orderly manner within the final text of the essay. Failure to document an essay properly can lead to a charge of plagiarism, the serious violation of deliberately using another person's words, facts, or ideas without due acknowledgement. In academic circles, plagiarism is tantamount to theft or fraud. Plagiarism in published writing is a legal offense which can lead to a lawsuit, with substantial damages or compensation being awarded to the injured party. A professional writer who commits a flagrant act of plagiarism suffers a serious loss of prestige and credibility. The student who plagiarizes will not likely face the prospects of court action, but he too is subject to serious embarrassment and academic penalties. For such an academic offense the student faces expulsion from the uni-

versity or a failing grade for the assignment or course, depending on how serious the violation is judged to be. The student who follows proper footnoting procedure need never worry about such consequences.

When to Footnote

The general principle of footnoting is that the writer should cite the source of any statement for which he is indebted to the work of another person. For most student research, this general principle can be broken down into four basic situations in which footnotes are absolutely necessary:

1. when using direct quotations;
2. when summarizing or paraphrasing facts or ideas from another source;
3. when copying a table, chart, or other diagram, or when constructing them from data provided by others;
4. when presenting specific evidence that cannot reasonably be considered common knowledge.

Do not confuse quotes with footnotes. Sometimes, students assume that they only need to footnote direct quotations, and so they artificially inject quotes into their essays in order to reach a certain quota of footnotes. Even if information from a particular source is expressed in one's own words, it is necessary to footnote.

Students also have considerable difficulty determining what constitutes common knowledge that does not need to be footnoted, and what constitutes specific knowledge that must be footnoted. A general rule of thumb in this matter is not to footnote any piece of information which is repeated in

three or more sources. If a piece of information can be attributed to just one or two specific sources, then it most likely should be footnoted. But if in doubt, footnote. It is better to have too many footnotes than not enough. Look upon footnotes as an asset to an essay.

Footnotes may also be used to provide additional information (perhaps a qualification or a more detailed explanation) which the writer feels is pertinent for the reader but which would interrupt the flow of the argument if placed in the text of the essay. This is known as a substantive note.

How to Footnote

Footnoting is like a language unto itself. It is a logical, compact, and universally recognized way for a writer to signal his indebtedness to another writer. Footnoting format or "style" is subject to slight variations according to the preferences of the publication or the publisher. Probably the most widely accepted format is that used by the Modern Language Association of America, published in a concise but comprehensive paperback text known as the *MLA Handbook*. This book is an indispensable guide to all aspects of manuscript form, and therefore should be included in every university student's personal library.

In accordance with the *MLA Handbook*, the conventions that apply to the placement and numbering of footnotes can be summed:

1. Footnotes should not exceed the one inch margin at the bottom of the page. This requires careful calculation on the part of the writer in order to fit in all the footnotes that are relevant to the particular page. If for some reason the length of a footnote requires that it be continued on the

Continued on page

Ladies And Gentlemen: Frank Zappa!

Paul Skipper

This is a review of the Frank Zappa concert held Nov. 11 at Maple Leaf Gardens. But first a little background music.

Frank Zappa was born Francis Vincent Zappa Jr. in Baltimore, 1940. His parents were Greek immigrants; his father worked as a scientist. Frank showed an early childhood artistic bent and spent his time drawing (his favourite subjects were Indians and trains). Because his family repeatedly moved Frank had a fairly lonely childhood, during which he taught himself his first musical instrument, the drums. His independent spirit surfaced in highschool where his anti-establishment attitude got him poor grades and "free vacations". He briefly went to college because "I figured I wanted to get laid". After dropping out of school for good he worked with various bands, opened a recording studio, and got busted for making a pornographic movie. In the sixties he made his way to New York where he formed the "Mothers of Invention" and produced his first album, *Freak Out*.

Tired of getting ripped off by the record companies, he formed his own studio which launched the likes of Captain Beefheart and Alice Cooper. His band and his record company folded during the early seventies and since then he has continued to write albums and conduct orchestras, and has even produced movies (the latest of which, *Baby*

Snakes, has, has just been released). He presently lives in southern California in a typical suburban house with his wife, Gail, and two children, Dweezle and Moon Unit (sic). He does alot of his writing in his basement and is known among his friends to be a constant worker. He says of himself "I'm not a person who goes to work...I am my work". He also says of himself that he is not, nor has he even been "a hippie, always a freak, never a hippie". As far as I know he hasn't got a Ph.D. in music, as is often claimed. As to whether he's a genius or not, I wouldn't know one if I saw one.

Now for a rundown of what happened at the Gardens.

The concert began shortly after eight with Frank nonchalantly on stage and beginning a musical that featured himself on guitar. He wore, for those interested, purple silk pants with a pink jacket that clashed horribly with the red felt that covered the sound equipment. He still has his distinctive beard but his hair is now short, which magnifies his bald spot. After apologizing for the poor acoustics he performed approximately twenty-five numbers, divided into two sets and two encores that were demanded by the audience with deafening applause.

The concert was very straight forward. Zappa chose tunes from the fifties right through to his most recent material, from his social and sexual parodies through to some traditional Zappa weirdness. Besides my hope that Zappa would be more creative I thought that the concert had two flaws.

The first was the constant brass colouring that came from the synthesizer that had the effect of making all the songs sound alike. The second was his selection of pieces. I really don't think he played his best stuff. He played things from *Shiek Yerbooty*, and *Apostrophy*. He played *Magic Finger* from *Two-Hundred Motels*, *The Torture Never Stops* and *Black Napkins* from *Zoot Allures*, and *Joes Garage* and *Rueben and the Jets* from the *Hot Rocks* album. He finished the night off with *Illinois Ennema Bandit*. I felt he could have done better by substituting such ditties as *Holiday in Berlin*, *Willie the Pimp*, *Titties and Beer* and that wonderful waltz that nobody knows about *Safa*.

While this show had prosaic tendencies (in other shows he has, among other things, brought strippers on stage) it was still enjoyable. Throughout the concert, as Zappa used his guitar both for elegant solos and to conduct his band, anyone who has listening had to be aware of the tightness of the seven piece band. The band played through Zappa's intricate harmonic and rhythmic progressions as if they were easy. The impressiveness of this show of musicianship was magnified when I realized that he was with a new band. Over the years a disciplined and hard working band has become a Zappa trademark.

While Frank was remarkably tight-lipped throughout the evening he did invite nineteen girls (ten with pants, nine without) to come back to the hotel with him. In the final analyses it was a concert for the initiated, tried and true, Zappa freaks. But, it's always good to see Frank.

Women's Sport Report

Amy Pascucci

Basketball

The infamous In-Laws basketball team has deked its way into top place in its division, which has placed the team in the playoff semi-finals to be played on Wednesday, November 19th. Bill Kizovski has coached these women to display their basketball talents by keeping a perfect record of no game losses throughout the season.

The enthusiasm of the In-Laws (Innis & Law combined) has brought the team where it is today. Support this enthusiasm with your own by voicing it during the playoff games.

P.S. Bring your kazoos!

Volleyball

The women's intramural volleyball season will not be starting until January, but the Innis team is getting ready for it. The team coach, Ian McAdams, has been scheduling practices at Hart House and for all his efforts, the turnout could be better. Practice times are posted on the sports bulletin board—so keep in touch.

If any Innis women are interested in playing volleyball this year, please contact Amy Pascucci at 656-6877 or leave a message in the Women's Athletic Rep. mailbox at I.C.S.S. office. Sign-up sheets are posted on the sports bulletin board.

Innertube Waterpolo

Do you want to have a spalshingly good time while floating aimlessly amid a pool filled with Innertubes? Then Innertube waterpolo is for you! The women's intramural season will be starting in the second week of January, with a pre-season tournament to be held January 7th and 8th. All games will be scheduled for weekday evenings. If you've got the enthusiasm, we've got a tube for you. Please contact Amy Pascucci at 656-6877 or leave a message in the Women's Athletic Rep. mailbox in the I.C.S.S. office.

Squash

Squash anyone?

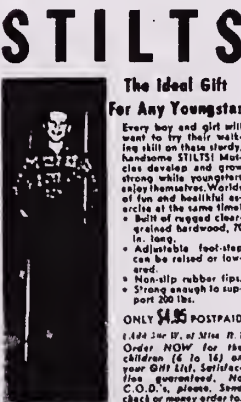
The women's intramural squash season will be starting November 24th. Innis has a women's team entered, so if you are interested in playing squash please contact Amy Pascucci at 656-6877



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Taddle Creek

It seems that none of these ideals are relevant now. Since so much of the housing in the Sussex/Huron Area is predominantly student-occupied, and the two Taddle Creek houses which are off-campus are fairly far apart from each other, the concern shown over a student ghetto is no longer applicable. The neighbourhood surrounding Innis is pretty well, although not totally, given up to students; the community has had to adjust to the presence of the university, especially since the opening of Robarts in 1972 and the consequent influx of students in the area. While the nonstudents in Innex are remnants of the original community which Innis was reluctant to displace, the non-students in Taddle Creek can in no way be defined as "pre-existing community."

The change in Taddle Creek can be seen as correcting a mistake made in 1975 when, for ambiguous reasons, it took on the status of Innex, which was created for specific reasons. Although its new status will by no means institutionalize it to the degree of other U of T residences, it is a movement in that direction. It is necessary though, considering its present state of anachronistic confusion and the absence of any satisfactory alternative.

In Which Connie And Lola Go To The Courtyard



by Lola Fairhair and Connie Albright with a cameo disappearance by 'Carmel' of California.

Last week, after an exhausting and fruitless session at Creed's Fur Salon, we thought it only fair to treat ourselves to a light luncheon of some fabulous chilled Avocado Gestapo. At the Courtyard, of course. It was either that, or an indulgent cab ride down to Fenton's for their superb, if slightly more filling, Free-Range Crouton with wild rice stuffing. We were two hungry girls, it's true. After all, those furs are heavy - the beaver, the weasel, the hamster, the Swakara (which, by the way, would have necessitated a whole new Henna for Connie). But we were frazzled, and in need of quick succour - what with that nasty new sales clerk insisting, in an unnecessarily loud voice, that Lola was shoplifting! Shoplifting! Can you imagine? We were just on our way out, and Lola was as shocked as anyone to discover that bottle of 'Jean Patou' lodged in her handbag. Anyhow, as everybody knows, Fairhair has been wearing 'Madame Roaches' for years.

So we finally opted for the close comfort of the Courtyard, or as the Right Stuff affectionately call it - 'The Cafe Yoo-hoo'.

We arrived, understandably distraught, and gratefully surrendered our duffle coat and poncho to the check girl, who, however, seemed strangely perturbed by our outerwear - handling it at arm's length and so forth. After a brief, private conference, we decided against gratuities. One must draw the line somewhere.

It being a Friday, the place was packed. A new problem presented itself. How to get a decent table, preferably on the main drag. But speaking of the main drag, who should we see but our darling old comrade, Carmel; splendidly attired in what Albright insisted was a gerbil-fur vest, which strikingly framed his Kama Sutra pendant and precious little else. Why, we hardly recognized him with his clothes on. But he was smiling and waving and looking so fine - his two-tone toupee sitting on his little head like a dead duck. We made a beeline for his table.

After the obligatory session of kissy-facey-pressy-body, we sat down and grabbed two menus, not even bothering to remove our ski mits. Still craving chilled Gestapo, we were crestfallen to find it struck from the winter menu. Carmel graciously diverted his attentions from our waiter's rear view silhouette just long enough to inform us that chilled soups are served during the summer season only. How could we have forgotten? Stiffening our upper lips, we decided instead on a double order of chips and gravy.

That settled it, it was down to business. Who was here anyways? Anybody good? Was Mick Jagger in town? More importantly, had anyone recognized us?



Merry Christmas

The End